

Operation: Make Hinata Feel Better

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Summary: When word travels around Karasuno that poor Hinata has fallen ill from a stomach virus, Tanaka and Nishinoya take it upon themselves to make their beloved kohai feel better. Unfortunately for Hinata, their ideas for treatments aren't all they're cracked up to be.

Operation: Make Hinata Feel Better

Head pounding and mind unfocused, eyes blinked weakly at the overhead lights. They were too bright, causing the pulse in the poor student's head to grow harsher by the second. He sat wearily in a bed, fingers clenching onto the too white sheets that crinkled under his weight. Feet barely touching the ground, he tried to still his swaying limbs, urging his once perfect equilibrium to return. Unfortunately, luck was not on his side today as it only proved to worsen his condition, causing a low rumble to resonate in his irritable stomach. Moving a sweaty palm to the fabric that covered his aching torso, he rubbed gently, hoping to sooth the illness that developed inside.

"Shouyou!"

"Hinata!"

The sudden outburst from the two older males and the sound of a door slamming open caused the poor middle blocker to wince in agony, the noises only making his pounding head feel worse. He moved his half-lidded eyes to gaze at his teammates who had just barged into the nurse's office, giving them what he thought to be a weak smile and a wave. In reality, his lips had barely moved at all and his attempt at a wave only nudged his hand forward, making it twitch in place.

Nishinoya and Tanaka felt the color drain from their faces in worry as they stared at the first year, watching as his dough brown eyes

blinked slowly at them. They had dark bags underneath, the skin weighing heavily down on his complexion. He was pale—like, really pale—and his hands trembled slightly as they gripped at the bed sheets beneath him. The usual sunny disposition that was Hinata Shouyou had vanished into thin air and what remained was merely a husk of the boy that they grew so fond of. Immediately, Nishinoya and Tanaka found a wave of frantic questions bubbling out of their throats at the same time.

"What happened?! Are you okay?! Should I get Daichi-san?! You look—"

"Shhh!"

The harsh noise that silenced the worried second years caused them to flinch, their regretful eyes meeting those of the school nurse. She looked at them sternly, fixing them with a glare that said she meant business.

"Hinata-kun is ill," she clipped out quietly, her voice calm despite the raging aura that threatened the pair of students. "It would be wise of you two not to be too loud around him."

The duo nodded stiffly at her instruction, pantomiming a zipped lip motion at her before she went back to sitting at her desk, her long fingers going back to typing out reports and documents on her laptop. Turning back to their sickly friend, Nishinoya and Tanaka decided it would be best to sit next to Hinata, each second year on either side of him. A friendly hand from the pair was placed delicately on each of Hinata's shoulders and the duo had to stop themselves from pulling back in shock. The poor boy was burning up everywhere.

"Hinata, what happened to you?" Tanaka asked, trying hard to keep his gruff voice from grating on the first year's sensitive ears. "You look practically dead."

Hinata shrugged, reaching a hand up to swipe at the sweat that was forming on his brow line. He could feel his wild orange hair matting to his face and knew it would be troublesome later on down the line. It was making him feel like he had a scarf wrapped around his scalp, scalding him with its warmth. Taking a rather shaky breath, Hinata tried to urge his vocal chords to form words, but only tired mumbles fell from his lips. It didn't help much that the room was spinning, making it harder for coherent sentences to form in his conscious. Finally, after a complete minute of his murmuring, Hinata was able to speak, his voice scratchy and sounding nothing like his usual peppy self.

"I feel really sick—I think it's—"Urp!"

Hinata cut his own words off as he reached for a bucket that sat conveniently on the floor in front of him. Hunching his shoulders and squeezing his eyes shut in pain, Hinata heaved the remnants of his breakfast into the bucket. Tears formed at the corner of his eyes, causing the second year duo to panic as they went from patting his back gently to staring at the nurse with wild, questioning eyes. Getting up from her position, the nurse quickly made her way over to the trio and proceeded to rub Hinata's back, urging him to empty his stomach as much as possible. Her soothing touch calmed the poor boy down a bit as his hacking soon came to an end. He lifted an arm to

his lips, wiping away the vomit and saliva that were still present there.

"Hinata-kun's come down with a stomach virus," the nurse explained as she took the bucket from his grasp, smoothing out the matted hair on his head. "He just needs to get it out of his system and rest. I've already called his mother to pick him up."

Hinata made a move to protest, not wanting to miss practice that day for anything that seemed to be bringing him down. One stern look from the nurse hushed him up promptly however, showing the second year duo that the two had already been down that line of conversation. Hinata hunched forward in defeat, regretting doing so as his head once again started to spin from the sudden movement. Nishinoya placed a caring hand on his arm to still the young boy.

"Quite frankly, you two shouldn't be here," the nurse said, quickly pulling Nishinoya and Tanaka from their seats beside Hinata in order to usher them out the door. "Otherwise you two will fall ill as well."

"No way! We have to take care of Hinata!" Tanaka's voice had once again returned to its loud, rambunctious nature and from the corner of his eye he could see Hinata wincing.

"Shouyou! You want your senpais to take care of you, right?!" Nishinoya piped in, his arms frantically waving as he tried to escape the nurse's grasp. He was looking at the sick boy, watching as Hinata nodded his head slowly even though he had no idea what he had agreed to. "See?! See?! He wants us here!"

"That's out of the question. You two should be heading back to class beforeâ€" "

A sudden ringing from her desk phone caused the arguing trio to stop in their tracks and the nurse reluctantly let go of the two teenagers, watching as they both returned to Hinata's side. Marching her way over to the desk phone, she picked it up quickly and chirped out a greeting to the person on the other side of the line. Tanaka and Nishinoya watched her intently as she gave off a heavy sigh, rubbing her temples a bit as she glanced at the pair before responding to the person on the phone.

"I'll be right overâ€"|" Hanging up the call and returning the phone to its place, she turned towards the teenagers in the room, her heels clicking as she did so. "There's another student who's come down with the same thing Hinata-kun has. I have to go retrieve them and make sure they get here safely." Looking at Tanaka and Nishinoya with a hard glare, she pursed her painted lips slightly. "I suppose you two can stay here to watch Hinata-kun, but as soon as I'm back you two are to leave immediately. Understood?"

The pair nodded enthusiastically, slapping each other's hands in a high five behind Hinata as they gave each other wide grins. Once the nurse had left the room, mumbling about whether she had made the right decision or not, the duo had turned their full attention to the sickly lad beside them.

"Okay Hinata, don't you worry about a thing!"

"Yeah, you're senpais are here to make you feel all better!  
Operation: Make Hinata Feel Better is a go!"

Hinata could only give them a tired smile, his eyes shut as he willingly agreed to take whatever treatments they had in store.

The poor boy.

**\*\*Treatment 1: Medicine\*\***

"Hey, Ryu, what kind of things do sick people need?"

Nishinoya turned towards his taller classmate, his hand holding his chin as he pondered for a moment. Tanaka mimicked his movements, pondering himself as his eyes landed on the poor, sickly Hinata. The young first year had decided to lay down on the bed he was previously seated in, opting for something that would hopefully make the room spin less.

"Usually there's some kind of medicine, right?" Tanaka questioned as he returned his eyes to the libero's.

The duo grinned at each other as they proceeded to look around the small nurse's office, opening drawers and cabinets as they looked for anything that resembled medicine. They found a plethora of bottles containing pills and liquids, but each one had long complicated names that they could barely sound out. Feeling slightly dejected, but far from defeated, the duo grabbed whatever bottles looked familiar to them and brought them back to the sickly first year.

"What are those?" Hinata could barely keep his voice from sounding raspy as he eyed the various medicine bottles, some of them with words so finely printed that his blurry vision could no longer make them out.

"Well, I recognize this one as a pain reliever," Nishinoya said as he placed one bottle full of small white pills on the counter next to Hinata's bed. "We have something like this back at my house and my mom takes it all the time when she gets a headache." Eyeing the bottle more closely, Nishinoya jutted his lower lip in a contemplative pout as he read through the instructions on the label. "At least, I think this is what she takesâ€|"

"No, that'll never work," Tanaka chastised as he shoved the pill bottle out of Nishinoya's hands, only to replace it with another bottle filled with a thick liquid. "My sis always makes me take stuff like this whenever I have a stomach ache. This should do the trick."

Hinata eyed his older companions with slight skepticism as he sat up to look at the various drugs they had, not wanting to ingest any questionable concoctions the two could find. "M-Maybe we should wait for the nurse so she can give me medicineâ€|"

Hinata's protests fell upon deaf ears as the two second years started to argue, each one of them shoving medicine bottles at each other. Hinata winced as the pair started to get louder with their petty arguments, his headache causing him to fall back onto the bed with a barely audible groan.

"Ryu, there's no way that stuff is going to work." Nishinoya grabbed another pill bottle from the stack he had accumulated while scavenging through the nurse's office. He opened it up, showing the taller second year the brand name delicately labeled on each pill. "These are ten times better than any medicine you found!"

"No way!" Tanaka shoved the pill bottle that Nishinoya was waving in his face and the shorter boy had to fumble a bit so they wouldn't spill everywhere. Opening up a bottle full of foul smelling liquid, Tanaka quickly showed the libero his solution to Hinata's illness. "This stuff will definitely work! The worse it smells, the better it is for you!"

As the pair bickered, Hinata covered his eyes with his arm, trying his best to shut out as much light as possible. He ignored the older duo's words as much as possible, their squabble going in one ear and out the other as he focused his attention on what was going wrong with his body. His stomach did little flips and he twitched a bit, wondering if he would have to reach for the bucket again. His free hand, which had been trembling slightly at his side, wandered to his stomach as he held it gently, willing the bubbling feeling in the pit of his stomach to go away. He groaned in pain, wondering if he would ever feel better.

Silence suddenly consumed the small room and Hinata had to force himself to peer out from behind his arm. Squinting from the light of the room, he noticed that his older friends were now staring at him, grins settled on their faces as they each held a bottle in their hands. Removing his arm from his eyes, he warily sat up and looked at them in question. His head spun from the sudden change in elevation and he had to force himself not to fall back down onto the bed.

"What's upâ€|?" His voice came out as a soft squeak and he could feel some sweat start to form at the nape of his neck. Whether it was from his illness or the creepy grins his senpais were giving him, Hinata didn't know.

"We've decided that since you're so sick, you should take both," Tanaka answered, pouring some of the thick liquid into a small measuring cup as he did so.

"Yeah, what's the worst that can happen?" Nishinoya chimed in as he dumped out a few pills from his own bottle.

The pair handed the medicine to Hinata, watching as his shaking hands went to grasp at the drugs carefully. He brought the medicine closer to his line of vision, inspecting it as best as he could through his hazy judgment. Giving his teammates a worried look, Hinata frowned and shook his head, refusing to devour the awful medications. In turn, this caused Nishinoya and Tanaka to give half assed glares to the young first year, their hands on their hips. Their eyes were reprimanding and Hinata feared what would happen if he continued to disobey them. Taking a shuddering breath, Hinata prayed silently to whatever gods would hear him as he swallowed the medicine handed to him.

"See, that wasn't too bad Shouyou!" Nishinoya clapped a hand onto the ginger's shoulder, nearly causing him to double over at the unexpected contact.

"I guess soâ€|" Hinata answered slowly, feeling his stomach churn at the newly introduced drugs. "I think I'm feeling a bit better actually. Like I wasn't evenâ€"Urgh!"

Once again, Hinata had cut himself off as he stumbled off the bed and towards the bucket the nurse had placed on the floor. He knelt in front of it, hands on either side of it on the floor as he felt bile make its way up his esophagus. Hinata continued to hurl into the tin bucket while Nishinoya and Tanaka panicked in the background, arms flailing as they wondered what could have gone wrong.

Maybe mixing the medicines hadn't been such a smart idea in the first place.

## **\*\*Treatment 2: Comfort Food\*\***

Now that his stomach was completely void of all its contents and his body was laying back down onto the plush bed in the nurse's office, Hinata was starting to feel a little bit better. His headache has subsided for now and the heat that consumed his body was slowly dissipating. Maybe his stomach virus was quickly making its way out of his body and he could go to volleyball practice after all. As Hinata thought about practice, his hands twitching in anticipation of spiking the ball, he barely noticed his older friends talking to themselves.

"What else makes a sick person feel better, Noya?" Tanaka asked. Once again, his hand was placed on his chin as he pondered for an answer.

"They usually give soup to sick people, right?" Nishinoya answered as he thought about all the times his own mother had made him warm broth for whenever he had fallen ill. "Like, chicken soup. With noodles and salt and stuff like that."

"Yeah!" Tanaka agreed, snapping his fingers at the great idea Nishinoya had given him. "My sis makes me porridge whenever I'm sick. Maybe that'll work too."

The duo grinned at each other, liking the sound of their ideas as they continued to spout off random foods that would make them feel better whenever they were ill. After a moment however, their grins slowly faded as they realized one obstacle that would be in their way.

"Hey, Noya, how are we supposed to get soup and porridge in school?"

"I don't knowâ€|" They got to have it somewhere, right?"

Once again pausing for thought, the duo paced around the room a bit. Hinata, who had been watching the pair curiously for a few moments, started coughing a bit into his closed fist, catching his senpais attention. They each gave the young boy worried looks as they quickly rushed to his side, patting his back a bit too harshly.

"Don't worry, Shouyou! We'll find you some food to eat, even if it takes us all day! Come on Ryu, let's go!"

Hinata could barely get a word in edgewise as he recovered from his coughing fit. He wanted to protest to his friend's ideas, thinking that food would only upset his stomach further. However by the time he was able to fully recover from his fit, the pair had vanished from the room, leaving the door wide open as it swung on its hinges. Hinata fell back onto the bed with a groan, hoping they wouldn't bring back anything too weird. Closing his eyes for a moment, he listened to the sound of his own breathing as he waited for them to return.

\* \* \*

><p>"Shouyou, wake up! I have the stuff!"<p>

The sudden outburst shocked Hinata from his short nap and he sat up in the bed quite quickly, his head spinning a bit from the action. He looked over at the doorway to the nurse's office, watching as Nishinoya marched in withâ€"what was that? A beaker?â€"in his hands. It was filled with a liquid that had something bobbing inside, the small mass staining what Hinata could only assume to be water with splotches of oil. Hinata grimaced as he watched Nishinoya place the strange container of food next to him on the counter. Could it even be considered food?

"Okay, Shouyou, eat up!"

Hinata could only scrunch his nose as he looked at the beaker with distaste. He pushed it away from him defiantly, refusing what could possibly be the death of him. "What is that stuff?"

"It's chicken soup!" Nishinoya took on a slightly defensive tone as he eyed the beaker, his own lips wavering into a frown. "Wellâ€" It's chicken in boiled waterâ€" The cafeteria only had fried chicken, so I just grabbed that and boiled it in some water in a beaker from the science lab. It should be fine, right?"

Hinata shook his head in disgust, ignoring the onslaught of nausea that came with that action. There was no way in hell he would be consuming that stuff anytime soon. Pouting at the first year's behavior, Nishinoya dumped the boiled water into a nearby potted plant and threw the chicken into the garbage bin. Maybe Tanaka would have better luck finding Hinata something to eat.

"Yo, I'm back."

Speaking of the devil, Tanaka bounded into the room with a grin on his face, one hand holding onto a bowl. Setting it down on the counter, Hinata noticed that it seemed to look decently normal in comparison to Nishinoya's attempt at something edible. Picking it up and stirring the contents of the bowl around with the spoon, Hinata sniffed at it. It smelled edible.

Lifting the spoon to his lips, Hinata took a bite of the creamy dish. As it settled onto his taste buds, Hinata found himself grimacing at the odd flavor. He immediately spit it back out into the bowl, shoving it away from him as he gagged. Suddenly he felt like hurling again.

"W-what is that?!" Hinata could barely manage to choke out words as he tried to get the awful taste out of his mouth.

"E-Eh? I couldn't find porridgeâ€|" Tanaka admitted as he rubbed at the back of his neck, looking away from the poor first year. "But the cafeteria had a bowl of rice and a carton of milk. Those are the same things porridge is made of, right? I thinkâ€|"

Hinata wanted to cry due to the mistreatment of his stomach and palate, but saved himself from the embarrassment of shedding tears in front of his friends. Feeling his stomach bubble once more, Hinata could only groan out in displeasure as he lay back down on the bed. He wanted nothing to do with food at the moment. In fact, he felt like he wanted nothing to do with food for the rest of his life.

The second year duo frowned, their eyes meeting once again as they wondered what else they could do for their sick friend.

**\*\*Treatment 3: Naptime\*\***

Now that he had stopped dry heaving from the thought of Tanaka's and Nishinoya's idea of cuisine, Hinata had started to feel tired and sluggish. He let out a rather audible yawn into his closed fist, tears forming at the corner of his drooping eyes as he warily watched his older friends. Deep down, he knew they were honestly trying their best to help him in his time of need, but he secretly hoped that the nurse would return soon and usher them out of the room so he could finally get some rest.

Noticing that their ginger haired friend had yawned quite loudly before stretching his arms far above his head, Nishinoya and Tanaka sat down in chairs that were next to his bed.

"Hey, Hinata, you tired?" Tanaka asked, once again trying his best to keep his voice low.

Hinata merely nodded at the question, laying back down as he closed his eyes in an attempt to rest. His mind was racing with thoughts however, and he soon found himself tossing and turning in the bed, the white sheets crinkling further under his movements. Noticing his discomfort, the second years started murmuring to themselves once more.

"What can make a sick person fall asleep easy?" Nishinoya asked.

"Warm milk?"

Catching Tanaka's suggestion, Hinata sat up and threw out an arm in protest, his voice letting out a garbled sound as he tried to convey to them how awful an idea that was. Catching the hint, Nishinoya and Tanaka scratched that idea of their list of ways to make Hinata fall asleep. They fiddled with the things they had on their person as they thought, hands fumbling with random objects as they wracked their brains for ideas. Fingers finding the cellphone he often kept in his pocket, Nishinoya fished out the device and turned it on.

"I know, music helps people sleep, right?" Nishinoya scrolled through the contents of his phone before finally settling on a specific tune.

The room was sudden filled with the sweet melody of an instrumental



piece, something Hinata would have never guessed would be on Nishinoya's phone. The short second year grinned as he watched Hinata lay back down on the bed, his eyes slowly drooping shut as he let the soft thrum of piano music invade his senses. Tanaka, who had reclined in his chair upon the music being played, had also taken to closing his eyes and soon the trio had fallen prey to the calming melody. They each relaxed, listening as the song went through its crescendos before quieting down once more. Just as they had started to nod off, the music suddenly stopped, breaking them out of their trance. Hinata opened his eyes at the sudden silence, upset that the song had abruptly ended.

"Eh? My phone died!" Nishinoya's sudden outburst woke up both Hinata and Tanaka from their peaceful stupor. "Maybe I can sing the rest?" Nishinoya proceeded to sound out the rest of the notes, throwing his voice a bit in an attempt to mimic the sound of a piano. Hinata covered his ears, begging the libero to stop.

"Now what?" Tanaka asked, eyeing out Hinata as the first year rolled around on the bed in discomfort. "Maybe a story?"

"That's for little kids," Hinata pouted, crossing his arms a bit as he glared at Tanaka. "I may be sick, but I'm not a kid."

Tanaka rolled his eyes, standing up and walking over to the first year. He ruffled Hinata's hair a bit, forcing the boy down onto the bed as he sat on the edge of it. "Too bad. Stories help people sleep. You need to sleep. Therefore, it's story time."

"Great idea, Ryu!" Nishinoya cheered, scooting his chair closer so that he may participate in storytelling.

Clearing his throat a bit, Tanaka closed his eyes in thought as he tried to make up a story on the spot.

"Once upon a time there was a manly crow andâ€"

"It shouldn't be a manly crow. It should be a baby crow."

"No, the crow is manly!" Tanaka glared at Nishinoya for interrupting his story before continuing, not wanting the libero to make him falter in his thought process. He started once more from the beginning. "Once upon a time there was a manly crow and he wanted to go see the love of his life, a beautiful female crow by the name of Kiyokoâ€| uh, I meanâ€| Kyo-chan."

"Hey, Ryu, this story isn't about you, is it?"

A heated blush made its way to the wing spiker's face at Nishinoya's accusations and he quickly stuttered out a protest, his arms waving a bit in front of him. Nishinoya laughed at Tanaka's poor attempt to cover up his fantasy and waved his excuses away.

"Okay, whatever, let me try now." Scratching his head in thought, Nishinoya attempted to pick up the story where Tanaka had left off. "Kyo-chan was considered a goddess among the rest of the crows, always catching the attention of male crows from all overâ€"

"Much to the manly crow's distaste," Tanaka added in.

"Yeah, the manly crow didn't like it when other crows stared at Kyo-chan. Kyo-chan could only be admired by the manly crow because only the manly crow knew of her true beauty! Even if Kyo-chan always ignored the manly crow!"

"But it's okay, because even when Kiyoko-chan ignores me, it still turns me on."

"Yeah," Nishinoya sighed dreamily as he thought of the beautiful third year manager, "Kiyoko-chan is the best."

Realizing that they had strayed far off topic, the duo scrambled a bit as they tried to get back to their story. "Sorry Hinata, we forgot about the story. Hinata..?"

The pair stared at the young first year, watching as his chest moved every time he inhaled and exhaled. His mouth was open slightly and drool had started to pool at the edge of his lip, spilling out onto the pillow that was being clutched in his arms. His eyes were closed and his wild hair was ruffled a bit from where he had turned over to get more comfortable. A quiet snore resounded from him and the second year boys had to keep themselves from whooping in success.

Looks like story time had worked after all.

**\*\*Epilogue\*\***

Waving their sick friend goodbye, Tanaka and Nishinoya watched as Hinata stumbled his way towards his mother's car. She had finally arrived to take the first year home and, being the good senpais they were, the duo had decided to help usher the boy towards his ride. Hinata, who was still upset that he would have to miss one day of practice, had thanked his friends for taking care of him despite all the things they did that made him feel awful. Inwardly, he promised himself that he would try his damned best to never fall ill again, lest he become victim to another round of Tanaka's and Nishinoya's treatment ideas.

As Hinata's mother drove off with her son in the car, Tanaka and Nishinoya watched as the vehicle soon became a small speck in the distance. They were grinning, feeling quite proud of themselves for having taken care of their sickly kohai.

"Job well done, Ryu," Nishinoya congratulated as the duo walked back onto campus and towards their respective classrooms.

"You too, Noya," Tanaka responded, his grin never wavering. "Operation: Make Hinata Feel Better was a complete success!"

The two nearly skipped back to their classrooms in satisfaction—"nearly, because actually skipping in the hallways of Karasuno wouldn't be good for their reputations. They wanted to brag to their other friends about how they had taken care of Hinata throughout most of the lunch period. It felt good to be depended on and they wanted to share their good feelings with everyone else. Maybe being a doctor wasn't as hard as they thought it would be.

"Hey, is it just me or do you feel a little weird?" Nishinoya's sudden question caused the pair to pause in their trek back to their

classrooms.

Tanaka gave his shorter companion a questioning look before a sudden drop in his stomach made itself known. He felt the organ gurgle a bit in discomfort and he was sure the people in the school could hear it rumbling from a mile away. He winced a bit as it continued to churn, his discomfort growing by the second. Looking over towards Nishinoya, Tanaka noticed that he too was doubled over it was seemed to be abdominal distress. Quickly, and without warning, the duo ran towards the restroom, nearly crashing into each other as they entered through the door simultaneously before going to separate stalls. They proceeded to empty out their stomachs' contents, the sound of each other retching causing them to feel worse. When the both of them had finally stopped emptying their guts, they exited the stalls and gave each other a knowing look. Whatever Hinata was ill with, they had caught it.

"I'll get the medicine if you get the soup and porridge," Nishinoya stated, looking at Tanaka with a slight grimace.

"Meet you back in the nurse's office?"

Nishinoya nodded in confirmation to Tanaka's question and the two of them slowly stumbled out of the boy's restroom, going their separate ways in order to reenact the treatments they had distributed to Hinata.

They both secretly hoped the nurse would be back before then.

End  
file.